TOMB OF DRACULA
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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

BLOOD ON MY HANDS!

STOP HIM! THE VAMPIRE HAS CAPTURED MY WIFE!

THIS IS IT! THE VAMPIRE-LORD'S FIRST BATTLE WITH HIS ARCH-FOE QUINCY HARKER!

EXIT

Hidden in the *shadows* where legend and reality merge, there are *tales* of a being who has lived *more than five hundred years;* they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of *Hell* itself; they say he thrives upon the *blood* of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the *bravest* man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**

MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / ARTISTS / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / TOM PALMER, colorist / LEN WEIN / EDITOR

BLOOD ON MY HANDS!

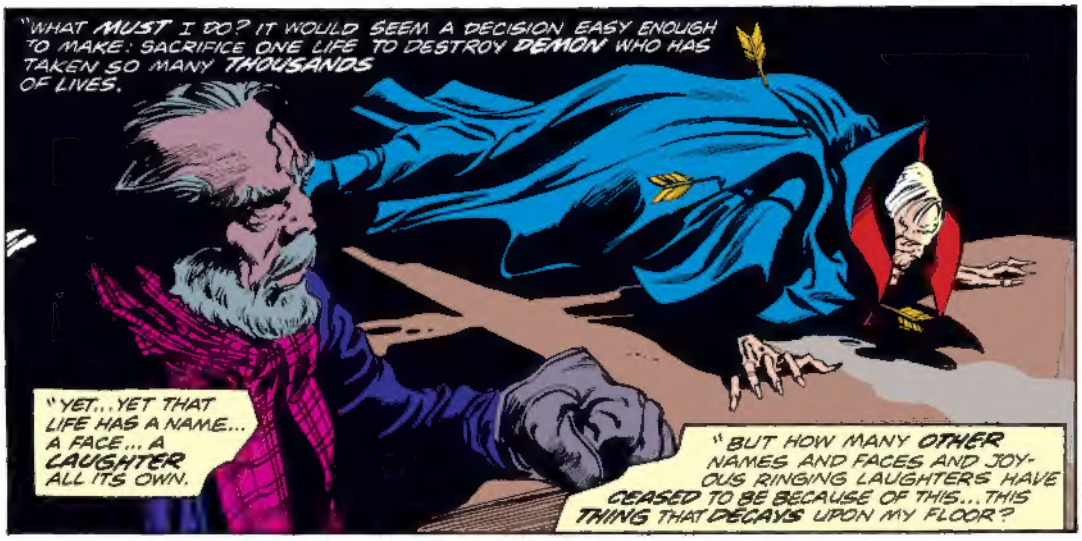
"I WATCH HIM **DIE**, YET I FEEL NO JOY. I WATCH HIS FLESH **DECAY**, HIS MAGGOT-INFESTED BODY **SHRIVEL**. I WATCH HIS BONES **CRUMBLE**, HIS BLOOD FLAKE AND **PEEL**.

"I HAVE **WAITED** FOR THIS MOMENT ALL MY LIFE, YET THERE IS NO **HAPPINESS** NOW.

"FOR, IF DRACULA PERISHES-- **RACHEL VAN HELSING WILL DIE!**

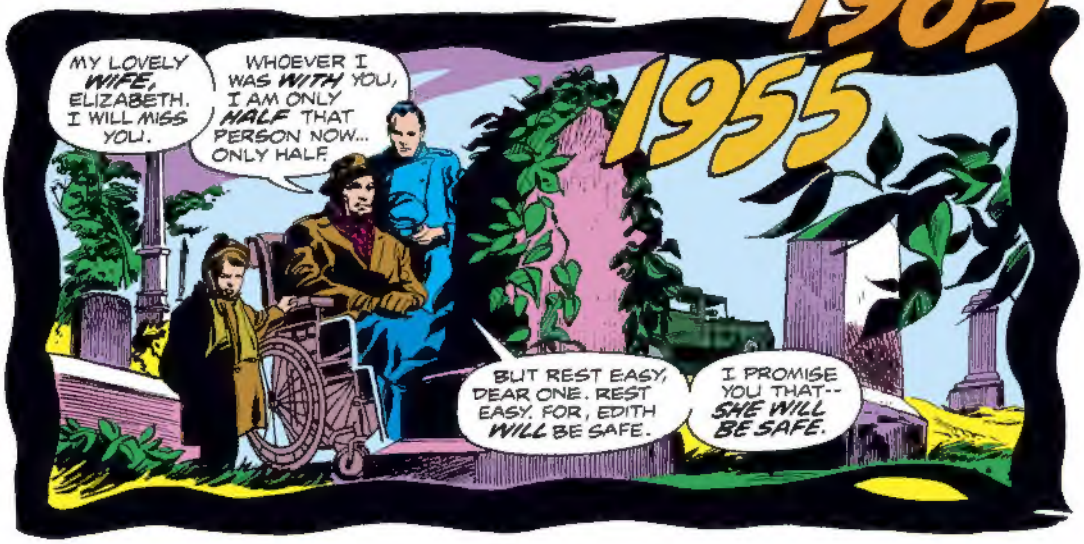
"AND, LORD -- CAN I BRING MYSELF TO SLAY **HER** AS WELL?

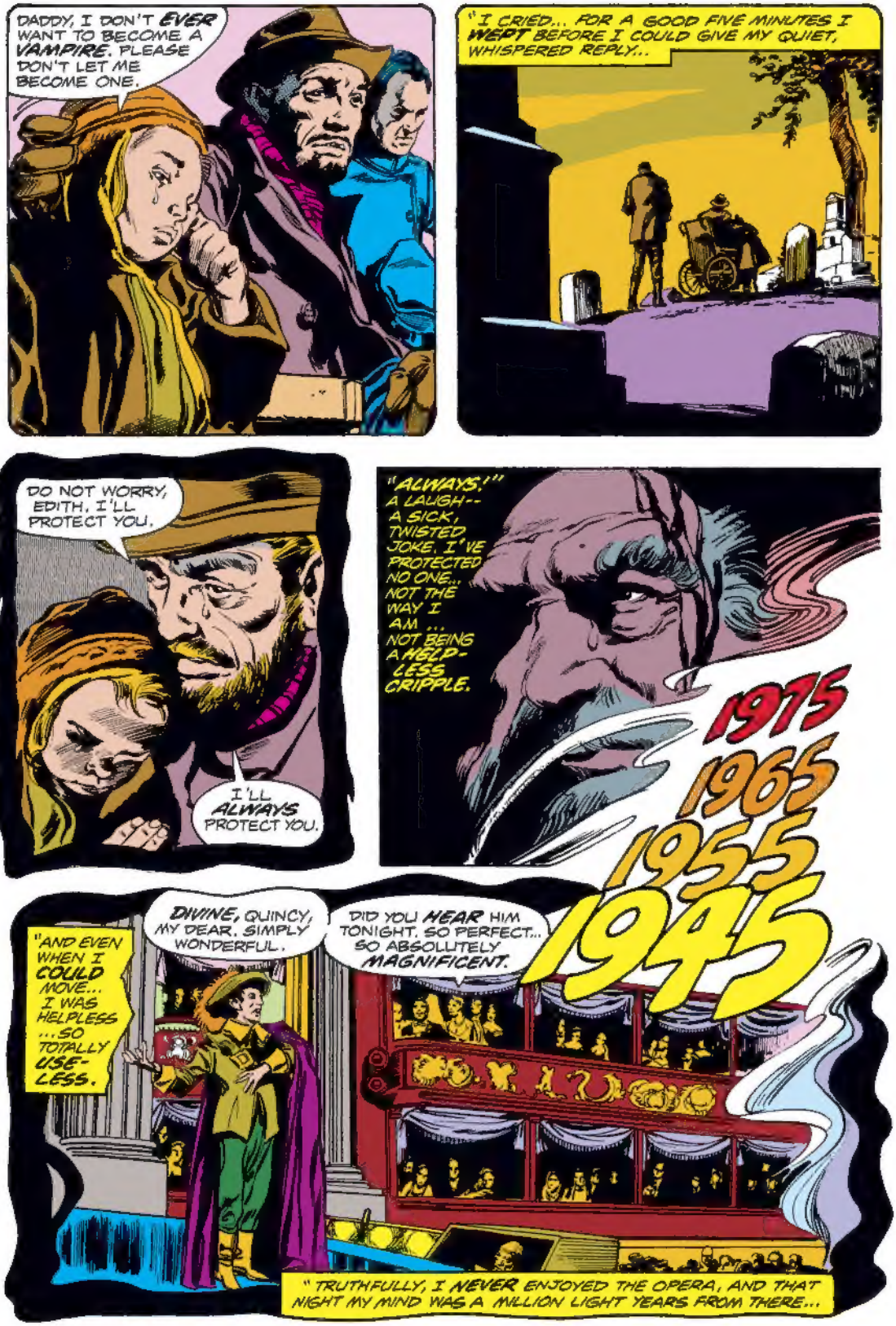
FREE OUR **MASTER**, OLD MAN. FREE HIM OR THE WOMAN IS **DOOMED!**


"WHAT MUST I DO? IT WOULD SEEM A DECISION EASY ENOUGH TO MAKE: SACRIFICE ONE LIFE TO DESTROY DEMON WHO HAS TAKEN SO MANY THOUSANDS OF LIVES.
"YET...YET THAT LIFE HAS A NAME... A FACE... A LAUGHTER ALL ITS OWN.
"BUT HOW MANY OTHER NAMES AND FACES AND JOYOUS RINGING LAUGHTERS HAVE CEASED TO BE BECAUSE OF THIS...THIS THING THAT DECAYS UPON MY FLOOR?

HOW MANY OTHERS WILL DIE IF I DO NOT DESTROY YOU FOREVER, DRACULA?
"THE COLD WINTER WIND RUSTLES THROUGH MY BEARD. I AM UNEASY ...AND SO CONFUSED.
"ONE LIFE FOR MANY? SELFISHNESS OR HUMANITARIANISM? WHAT MUST I CHOOSE?

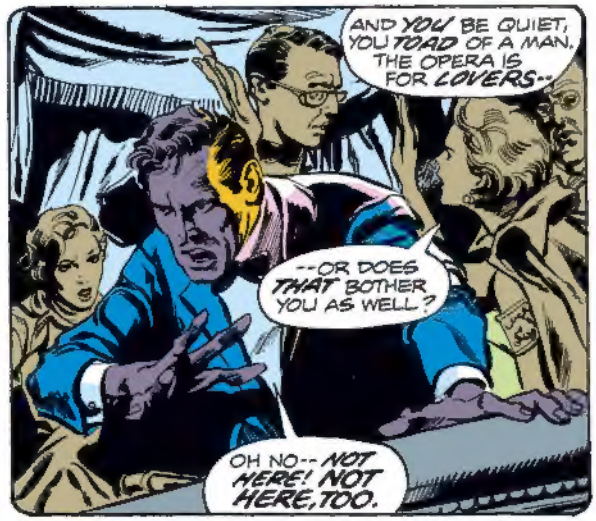
WHICHEVER CHOICE I MAKE WILL BE THE WRONG ONE. I AM SURE OF THAT.
BUT...CAN I PERMIT RACHEL'S DEATH? CAN I LET HER DIE AS EDITH DIED?
1915
"EDITH... MY DAUGHTER ...MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER...


1965
1955
MY LOVELY WIFE, ELIZABETH. I WILL MISS YOU.
WHOEVER I WAS WITH YOU, I AM ONLY HALF THAT PERSON NOW... ONLY HALF.
BUT REST EASY, DEAR ONE. REST EASY. FOR, EDITH WILL BE SAFE.
I PROMISE YOU THAT-- SHE WILL BE SAFE.

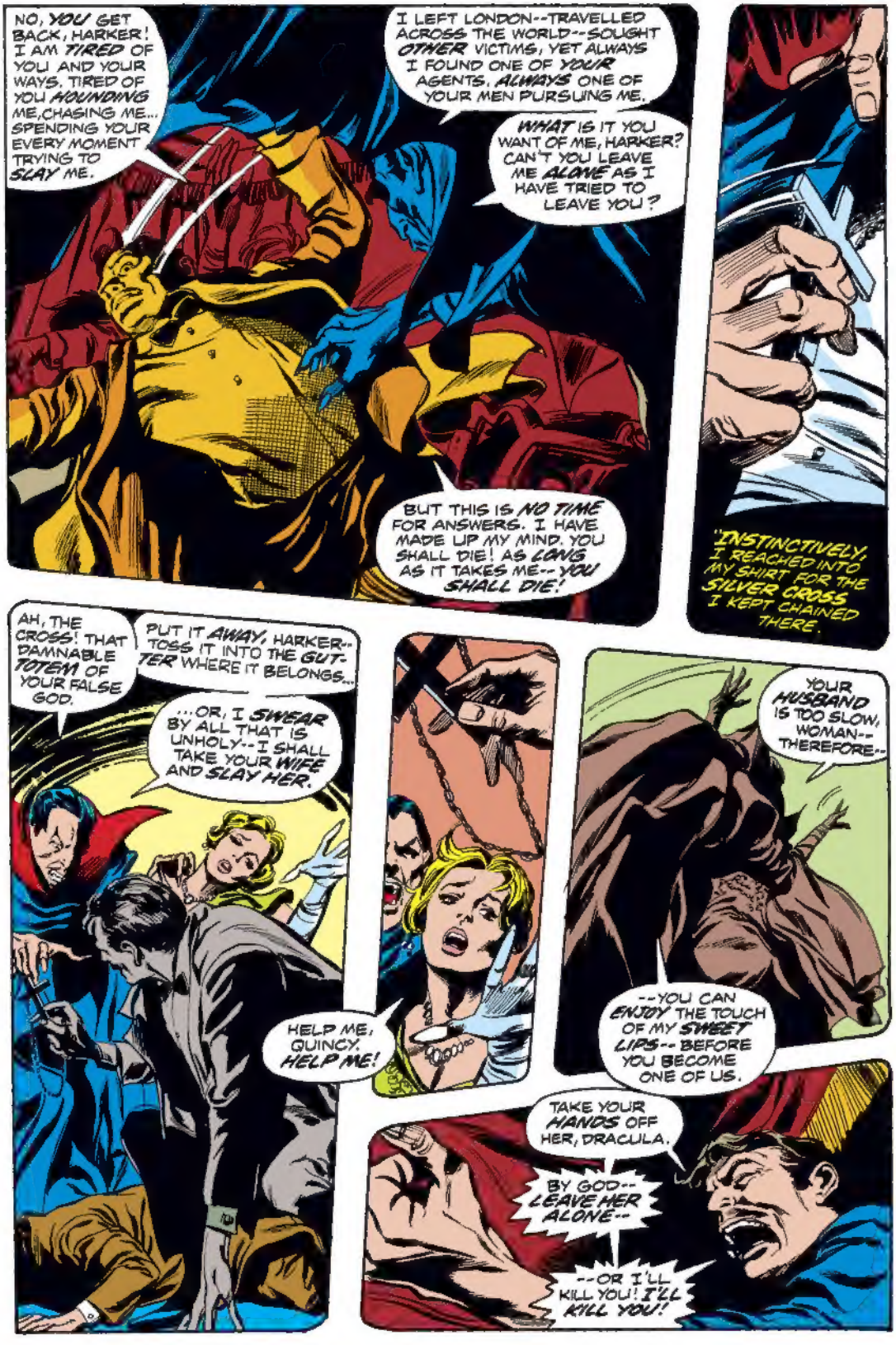

DADDY, I DON'T EVER WANT TO BECOME A VAMPIRE. PLEASE DON'T LET ME BECOME ONE.
"I CRIED... FOR A GOOD FIVE MINUTES I WEPT BEFORE I COULD GIVE MY QUIET, WHISPERED REPLY...
DO NOT WORRY, EDITH. I'LL PROTECT YOU.
I'LL ALWAYS PROTECT YOU.
"ALWAYS!" A LAUGH-- A SICK, TWISTED JOKE. I'VE PROTECTED NO ONE... NOT THE WAY I AM ... NOT BEING A HELPLESS CRIPPLE.
1975
1965
1955
1945
"AND EVEN WHEN I COULD MOVE... I WAS HELPLESS ...SO TOTALLY USELESS.
DIVINE, QUINCY, MY DEAR. SIMPLY WONDERFUL.
DID YOU HEAR HIM TONIGHT. SO PERFECT... SO ABSOLUTELY MAGNIFICENT.
"TRUTHFULLY, I NEVER ENJOYED THE OPERA, AND THAT NIGHT MY MIND WAS A MILLION LIGHT YEARS FROM THERE...

OF COURSE, YOU DON'T THINK I COULD POSSIBLE IGNORE ALL THAT WAILING, DO YOU?
YOU HAVE ALL THE SOUL OF A FISHMONGER, QUINCY.
I TRY TO GIVE YOU CULTURE, YET I'M SURE YOUR HEAD IS IN STOCKS AND BONDS...
AH, SUCH COLD, DREARY THOUGHTS, I DARE SAY.

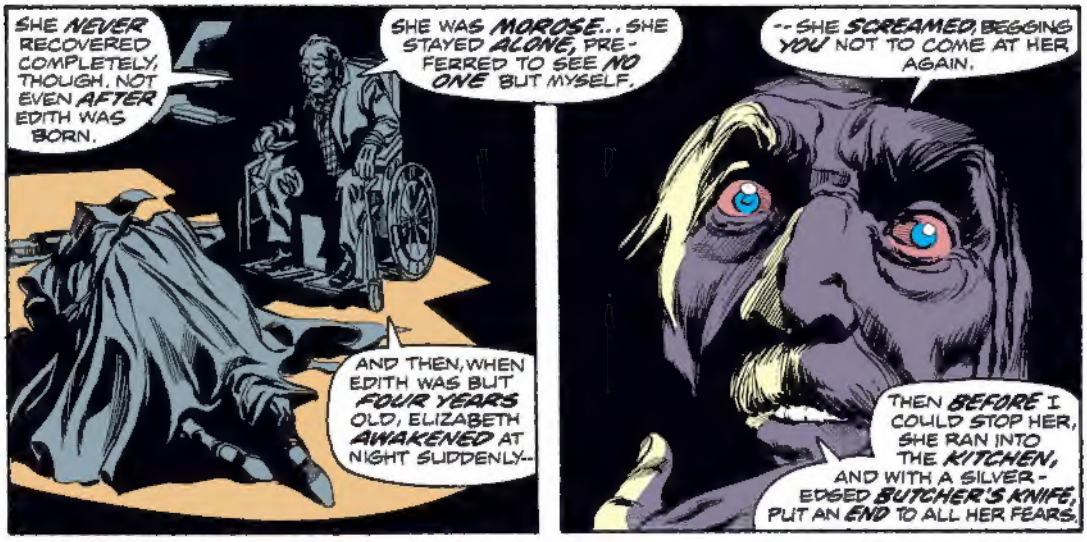
SHHH. QUIET IN FRONT.
BUT I STILL LOVE YOU--
--EVEN IF YOU ARE SO TERRIBLY... STUFFY.

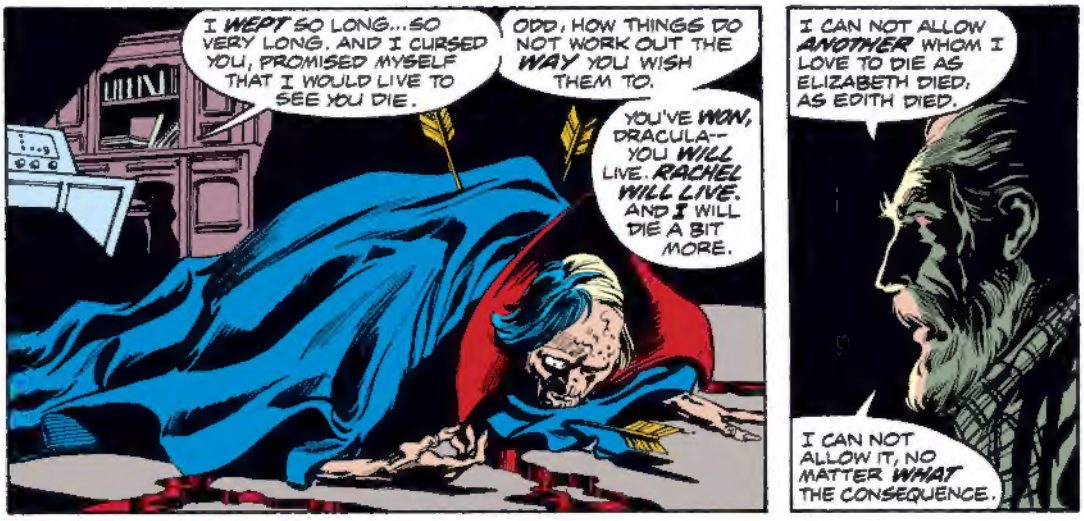

AND YOU BE QUIET, YOU TOAD OF A MAN. THE OPERA IS FOR LOVERS--
--OR DOES THAT BOTHER YOU AS WELL?
OH NO--NOT HERE! NOT HERE, TOO.

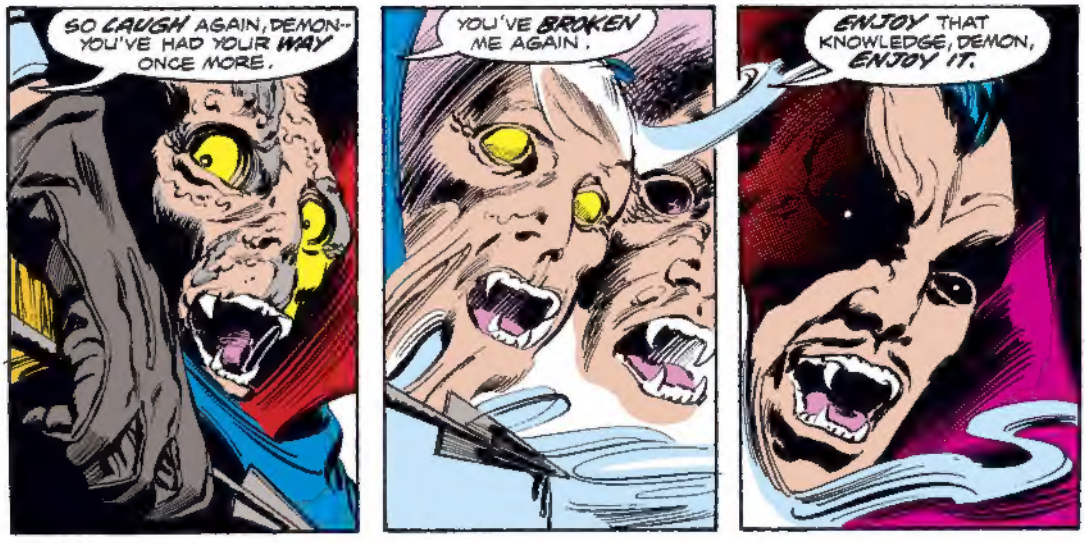
WELL, MY FOOLISH ONE... NO MAN CAN HIDE FROM DRACULA! NO MAN!
SO, HARKER-- YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD ESCAPE ME BY HIDING AMONG THESE CULTURED PEASANTS--
QUINCY! IT'S HIM! HE'S FOUND US AGAIN!
GET BACK, ELIZABETH-- BACK!

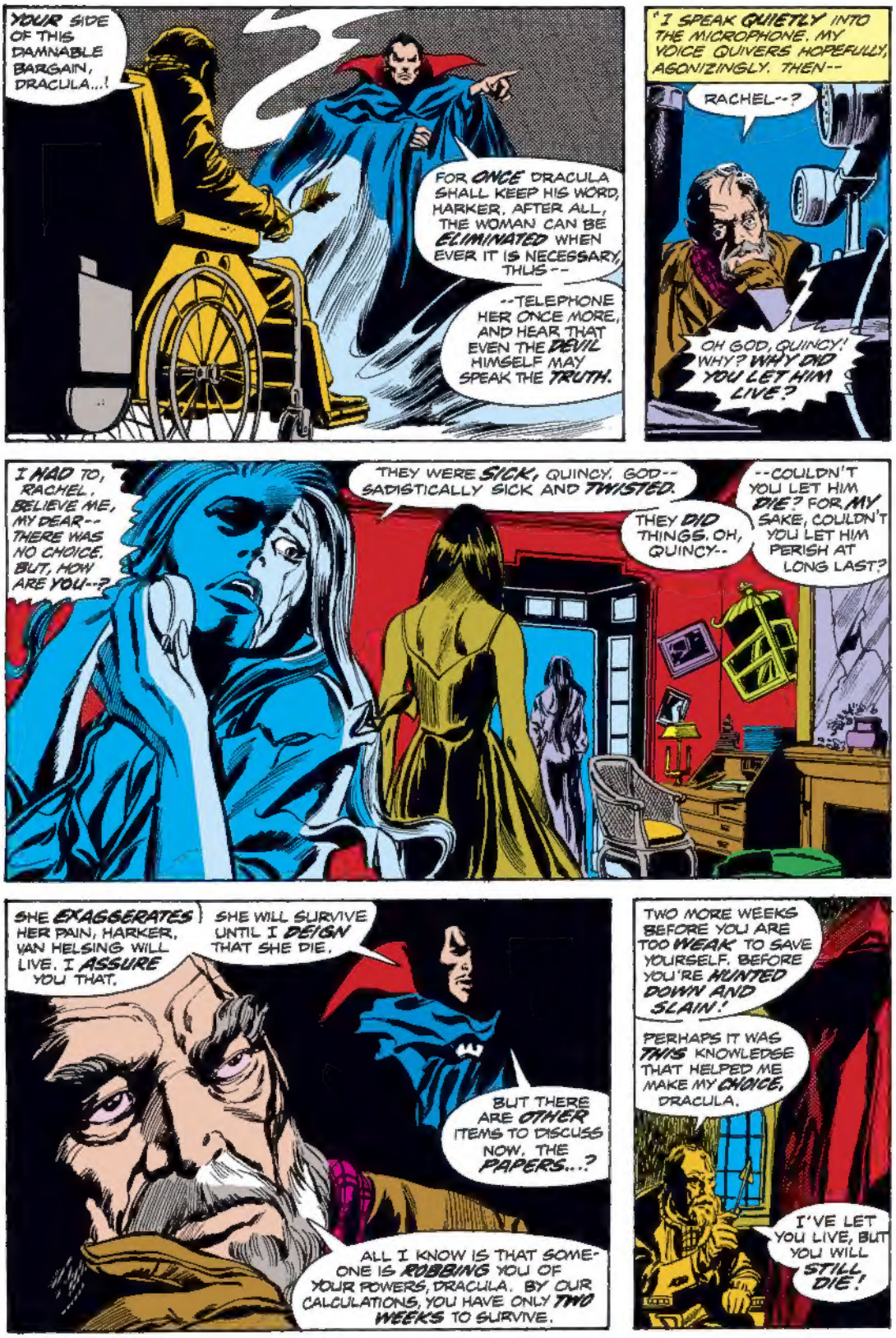

NO, YOU GET BACK, HARKER! I AM TIRED OF YOU AND YOUR WAYS. TIRED OF YOU HOUNDING ME, CHASING ME... SPENDING YOUR EVERY MOMENT TRYING TO SLAY ME.
I LEFT LONDON--TRAVELLED ACROSS THE WORLD--SOUGHT OTHER VICTIMS, YET ALWAYS I FOUND ONE OF YOUR AGENTS, ALWAYS ONE OF YOUR MEN PURSUING ME.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF ME, HARKER? CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE AS I HAVE TRIED TO LEAVE YOU?
BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR ANSWERS. I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND. YOU SHALL DIE! AS LONG AS IT TAKES ME-- YOU SHALL DIE!
"INSTINCTIVELY, I REACHED INTO MY SHIRT FOR THE SILVER CROSS I KEPT CHAINED THERE.
AH, THE CROSS! THAT DAMNABLE TOTEM OF YOUR FALSE GOD.
PUT IT AWAY, HARKER-- TOSS IT INTO THE GUTTER WHERE IT BELONGS...
...OR, I SWEAR BY ALL THAT IS UNHOLY-- I SHALL TAKE YOUR WIFE AND SLAY HER.
HELP ME, QUINCY. HELP ME!
YOUR HUSBAND IS TOO SLOW, WOMAN-- THEREFORE--
--YOU CAN ENJOY THE TOUCH OF MY SWEET LIPS-- BEFORE YOU BECOME ONE OF US.
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER, DRACULA.
BY GOD-- LEAVE HER ALONE--
--OR I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!

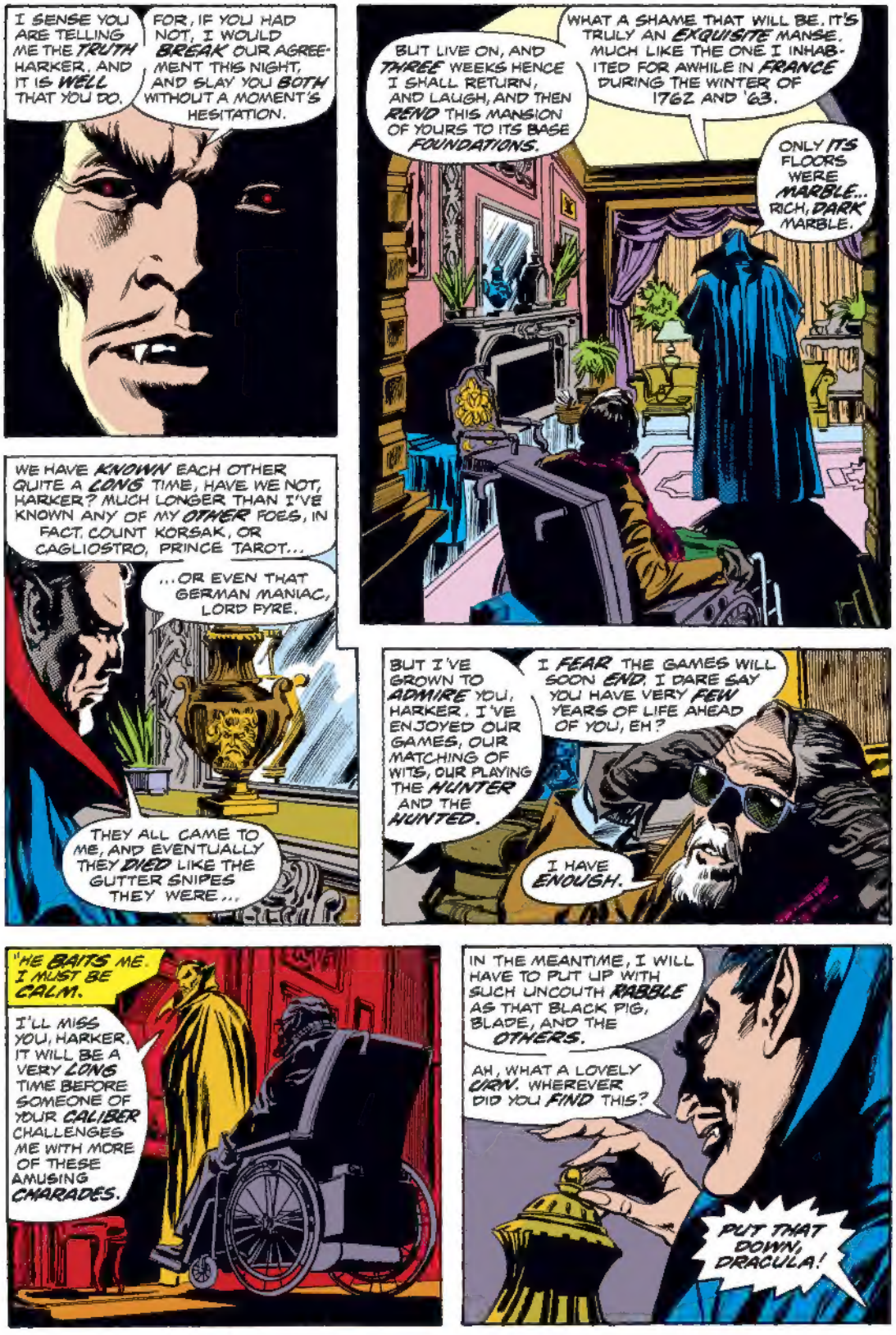
KILL ME? WITH YOUR FRAIL HUMAN HANDS.
I DOUBT THAT, HARKER. TRULY I DOUBT THAT.
OBSERVE!
SQUIIRM ALL YOU WISH AS I LIFT YOU TO THE SKY.
BUT, MY OLD, OLD FRIEND--YOU'LL NOT SQUIRM MUCH LONGER.
"MOCKINGLY, HE HEAVED ME FROM THE BOX SEAT--TOSSED ME ASIDE LIKE A PAPER DOLL.
"BUT UNLIKE SUCH A CHILD'S PLAYTHING, MY BONES CRUSHED AS I HIT THE STAGE BELOW.
"MY LEGS WERE USELESS AND PAIN OVERWHELMED ME... AS DRACULA HELD MY DEAR UNCONSCIOUS WIFE IN HIS BONY ARMS.
IT TOOK TWO DAYS FOR THE POLICE TO FIND ELIZABETH; HER BLOOD HALF-DRAINED AT THAT.
AND IT TOOK FOUR MONTHS OF CONSTANT TRANSFUSIONS TO BRING THE ROSE BACK TO HER CHEEKS.
"AND AS I STRUGGLED IN VAIN TO MOVE, HE LAUGHED... AND HIS LAUGHTER DIDN'T FADE UNTIL HE WAS LONG GONE.


SHE NEVER RECOVERED COMPLETELY, THOUGH. NOT EVEN AFTER EDITH WAS BORN.
SHE WAS MOROSE... SHE STAYED ALONE, PREFERRED TO SEE NO ONE BUT MYSELF.
AND THEN, WHEN EDITH WAS BUT FOUR YEARS OLD, ELIZABETH AWAKENED AT NIGHT SUDDENLY--
--SHE SCREAMED, BEGGING YOU NOT TO COME AT HER AGAIN.
THEN BEFORE I COULD STOP HER, SHE RAN INTO THE KITCHEN, AND WITH A SILVER-EDGED BUTCHER'S KNIFE, PUT AN END TO ALL HER FEARS.

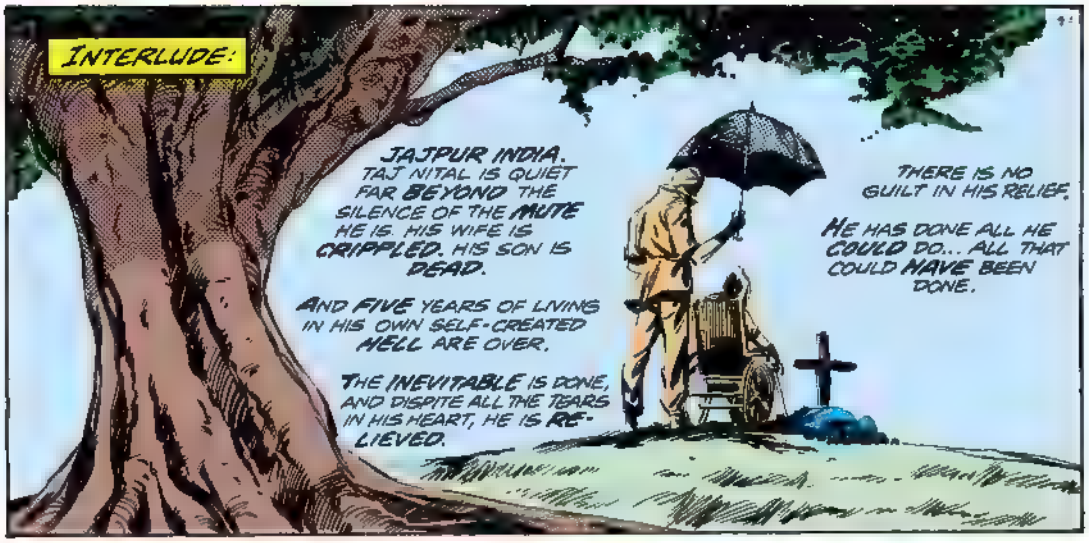

I WEPT SO LONG...SO VERY LONG. AND I CURSED YOU, PROMISED MYSELF THAT I WOULD LIVE TO SEE YOU DIE.
ODD, HOW THINGS DO NOT WORK OUT THE WAY YOU WISH THEM TO.
YOU'VE WON, DRACULA-- YOU WILL LIVE. RACHEL WILL LIVE. AND I WILL DIE A BIT MORE.
I CAN NOT ALLOW ANOTHER WHOM I LOVE TO DIE AS ELIZABETH DIED, AS EDITH DIED.
I CAN NOT ALLOW IT, NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCE.

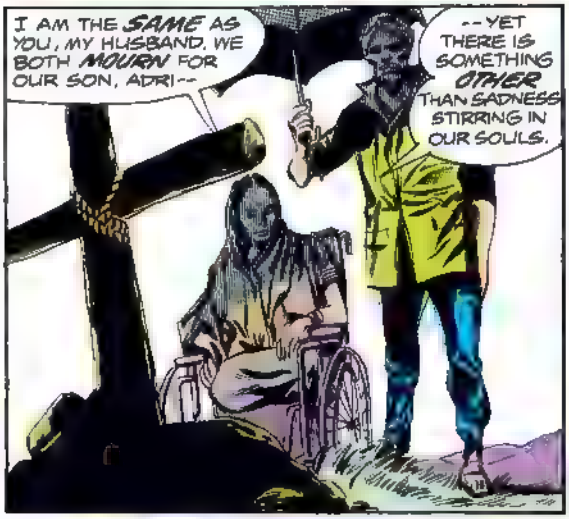

SO LAUGH AGAIN, DEMON-- YOU'VE HAD YOUR WAY ONCE MORE.
YOU'VE BROKEN ME AGAIN.
ENJOY THAT KNOWLEDGE, DEMON, ENJOY IT.

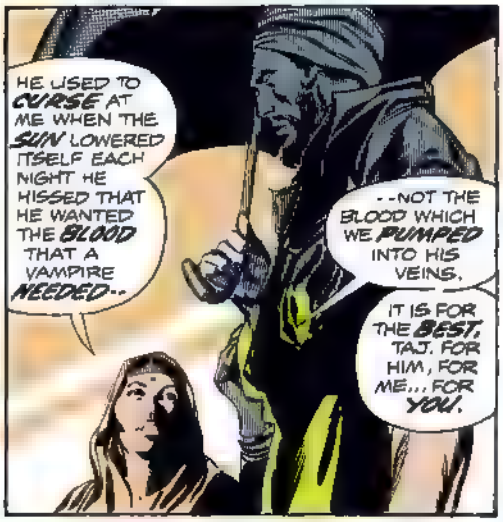

YOUR SIDE OF THIS DAMNABLE BARGAIN, DRACULA...!
FOR ONCE DRACULA SHALL KEEP HIS WORD, HARKER. AFTER ALL, THE WOMAN CAN BE ELIMINATED WHEN EVER IT IS NECESSARY, THUS--
--TELEPHONE HER ONCE MORE, AND HEAR THAT EVEN THE DEVIL HIMSELF MAY SPEAK THE TRUTH.
"I SPEAK QUIETLY INTO THE MICROPHONE. MY VOICE QUIVERS HOPEFULLY, AGONIZINGLY. THEN--
RACHEL--?
OH GOD, QUINCY! WHY? WHY DID YOU LET HIM LIVE?
I HAD TO, RACHEL. BELIEVE ME, MY DEAR-- THERE WAS NO CHOICE. BUT, HOW ARE YOU--?
THEY WERE SICK, QUINCY. GOD-- SADISTICALLY SICK AND TWISTED.
THEY DID THINGS. OH, QUINCY--
--COULDN'T YOU LET HIM DIE? FOR MY SAKE, COULDN'T YOU LET HIM PERISH AT LONG LAST?
SHE EXAGGERATES HER PAIN, HARKER, VAN HELSING WILL LIVE. I ASSURE YOU THAT.
SHE WILL SURVIVE UNTIL I DESIGN THAT SHE DIE.
BUT THERE ARE OTHER ITEMS TO DISCUSS NOW, THE PAPERS...?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT SOMEONE IS ROBBING YOU OF YOUR POWERS, DRACULA. BY OUR CALCULATIONS, YOU HAVE ONLY TWO WEEKS TO SURVIVE.
TWO MORE WEEKS BEFORE YOU ARE TOO WEAK TO SAVE YOURSELF. BEFORE YOU'RE HUNTED DOWN AND SLAIN!
PERHAPS IT WAS THIS KNOWLEDGE THAT HELPED ME MAKE MY CHOICE, DRACULA.
I'VE LET YOU LIVE, BUT YOU WILL STILL DIE!

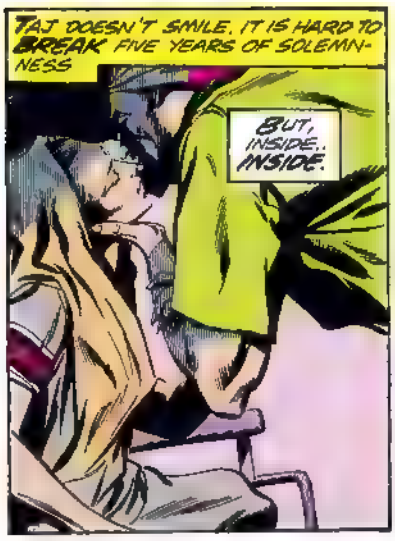

I SENSE YOU ARE TELLING ME THE TRUTH HARKER, AND IT IS WELL THAT YOU DO.
FOR, IF YOU HAD NOT, I WOULD BREAK OUR AGREEMENT THIS NIGHT, AND SLAY YOU BOTH WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION.
BUT LIVE ON, AND THREE WEEKS HENCE I SHALL RETURN, AND LAUGH, AND THEN REND THIS MANSION OF YOURS TO ITS BASE FOUNDATIONS.
WHAT A SHAME THAT WILL BE. IT'S TRULY AN EXQUISITE MANSE. MUCH LIKE THE ONE I INHABITED FOR AWHILE IN FRANCE DURING THE WINTER OF 1762 AND '63.
ONLY ITS FLOORS WERE MARBLE... RICH, DARK MARBLE.
WE HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER QUITE A LONG TIME, HAVE WE NOT, HARKER? MUCH LONGER THAN I'VE KNOWN ANY OF MY OTHER FOES, IN FACT. COUNT KORSAK, OR CAGLIOSTRO, PRINCE TAROT...
...OR EVEN THAT GERMAN MANIAC, LORD FYRE.
THEY ALL CAME TO ME, AND EVENTUALLY THEY DIED LIKE THE GUTTER SNIPES THEY WERE...
BUT I'VE GROWN TO ADMIRE YOU, HARKER. I'VE ENJOYED OUR GAMES, OUR MATCHING OF WITS, OUR PLAYING THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED.
I FEAR THE GAMES WILL SOON END. I DARE SAY YOU HAVE VERY FEW YEARS OF LIFE AHEAD OF YOU, EH?
I HAVE ENOUGH.
"HE BAITS ME. I MUST BE CALM.
I'LL MISS YOU, HARKER. IT WILL BE A VERY LONG TIME BEFORE SOMEONE OF YOUR CALIBER CHALLENGES ME WITH MORE OF THESE AMUSING CHARADES.
IN THE MEANTIME, I WILL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SUCH UNCOUTH RABBLE AS THAT BLACK PIG, BLADE, AND THE OTHERS.
AH, WHAT A LOVELY URN. WHEREVER DID YOU FIND THIS?
PUT THAT DOWN, DRACULA!

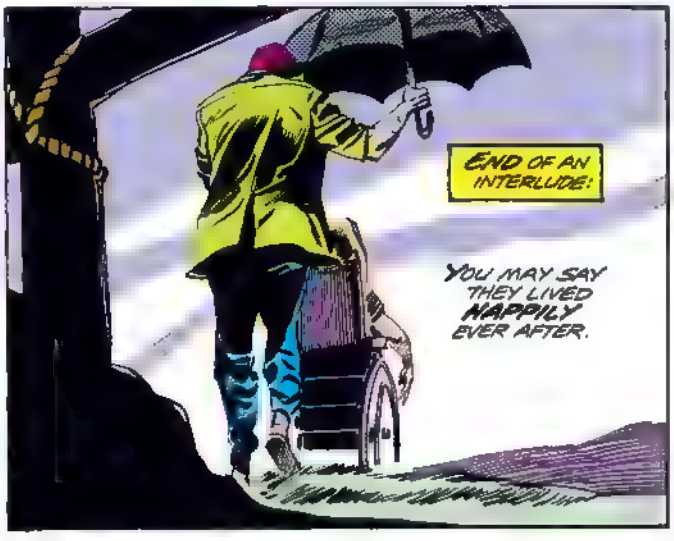
VERY WELL, HARKER. I'LL PUT IT DOWN.
BUT NOT BEFORE I SCATTER AWAY THE ASHES OF YOUR STINKING OFFSPRING, YOU STUPID, INSIGNIFICANT FOOL!
HERE-- TAKE YOUR DAMNABLE DAUGHTER AND BE DONE WITH HER!
AND MAY SHE EVER REST IN PEACE!
NO!
SMASH
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
NO!
GAMES!


INTERLUDE:
JAJPUR INDIA. TAJ NITAL IS QUIET FAR BEYOND THE SILENCE OF THE MUTE HE IS. HIS WIFE IS CRIPPLED. HIS SON IS DEAD.
AND FIVE YEARS OF LIVING IN HIS OWN SELF-CREATED HELL ARE OVER.
THE INEVITABLE IS DONE, AND DISPITE ALL THE TEARS IN HIS HEART, HE IS RE-LIEVED.
THERE IS NO GUILT IN HIS RELIEF.
HE HAS DONE ALL HE COULD DO... ALL THAT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE.


I AM THE SAME AS YOU, MY HUSBAND. WE BOTH MOURN FOR OUR SON, ADRI--
--YET THERE IS SOMETHING OTHER THAN SADNESS STIRRING IN OUR SOULS.


HE USED TO CURSE AT ME WHEN THE SUN LOWERED ITSELF EACH NIGHT HE HISSED THAT HE WANTED THE BLOOD THAT A VAMPIRE NEEDED..
--NOT THE BLOOD WHICH WE PUMPED INTO HIS VEINS.
IT IS FOR THE BEST, TAJ. FOR HIM, FOR ME... FOR YOU.


TAJ DOESN'T SMILE. IT IS HARD TO BREAK FIVE YEARS OF SOLEMN-NESS
BUT, INSIDE.. INSIDE.

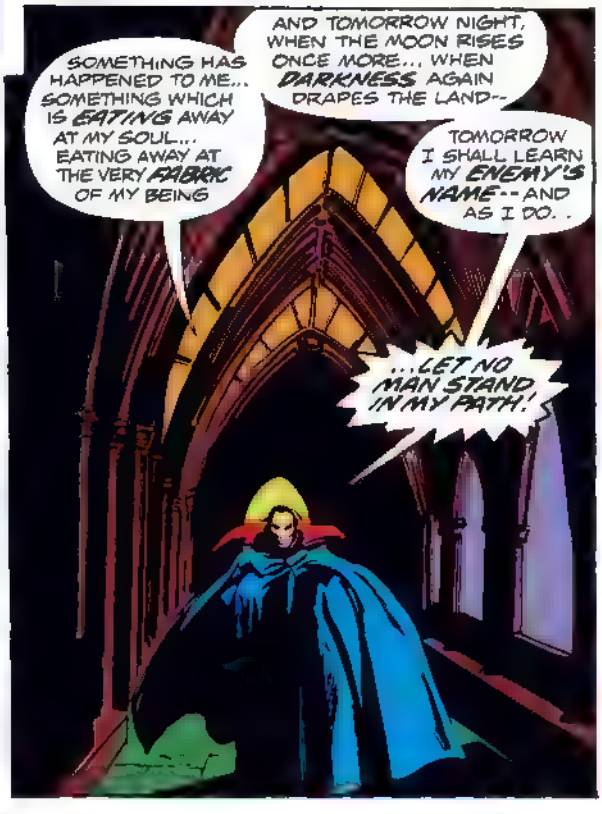

END OF AN INTERLUDE!
YOU MAY SAY THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

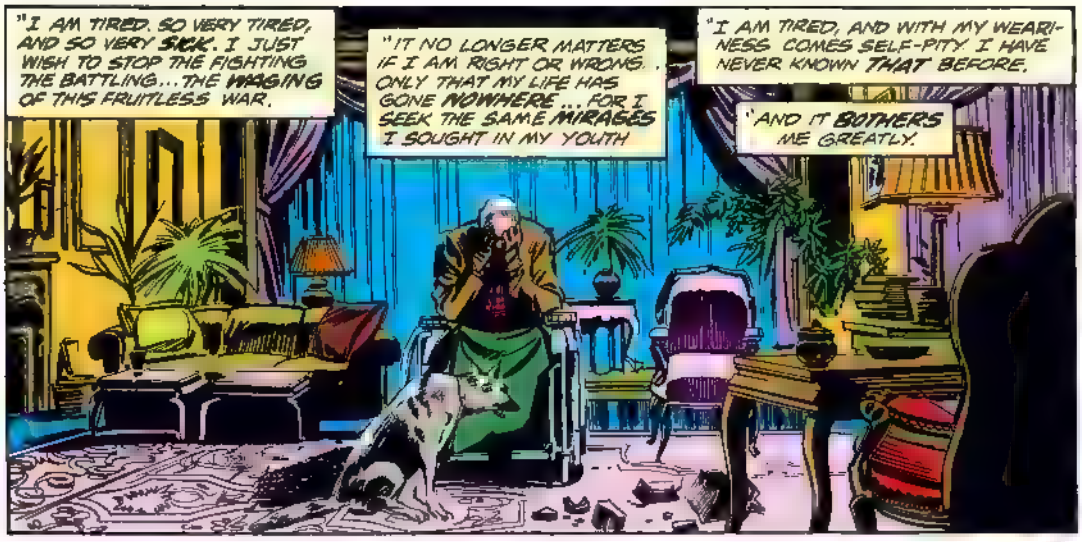
DARK EBONY SKIES SHUDDER IN SNOW-FLECKED FEAR AS CRIMSON SHARDS OF HELL-BORN FURY SHATTER THE COLD WINTRY NIGHT THAT CLINGS SO TIGHTLY TO CASTLE DRACULA
CRUMBLING CONCRETE WALLS TREMBLE IN TERRIBLE ANTICIPATION OF THE HORROR WHICH EVEN NOW TRODS CLOSER . CLOSER ..
DEATH RETURNS, AND WITH IT, THE MANSION DIES JUST A TINY BIT MORE

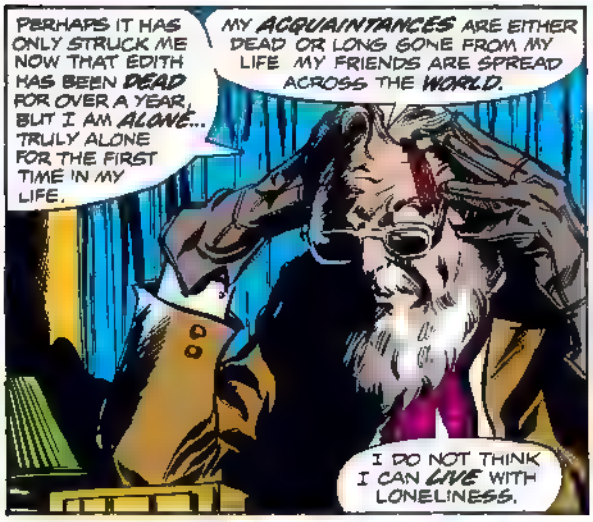
THERE ARE FACTS WHICH ESCAPE ME .. I AM SURE OF THAT. IT IS ALL THERE. BUT
NO! I MUST NOT RAMBLE ON. . I MUST QUIETY RE-COUNT ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED.
WHEN DID I FIRST NOTICE MY VAMPIRIC POWERS FADING-?

DURING THAT BATTLE WITH GORNA*. THAT NIGHT IN MOL-DAVIA. I ORDERED THE VAMPIRE TO HEED MY WARN-ING, YET IT DARED DEFY ME.
NEXT THERE WAS LORD HENRY--MY AGENT IN PARLIAMENT. HE FREED HIM-SELF OF MY HYPNOTIC COMMANDS.
*IN TOD #23-LEN

THERE WERE OTHERS . THAT DETECTIVE HANNIBAL KING ... MY OTHER AGENTS YES, MY CONTROL OF VAMPIRES FADED WHILE I WAS IN MOLDAVIA
THEN, N ENGLAND, I FIRST NOTICED MY STRENGTH DECREASE


SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO ME... SOMETHING WHICH IS EATING AWAY AT MY SOUL... EATING AWAY AT THE VERY FABRIC OF MY BEING
AND TOMORROW NIGHT, WHEN THE MOON RISES ONCE MORE... WHEN DARKNESS AGAIN DRAPES THE LAND--
TOMORROW I SHALL LEARN MY ENEMY'S NAME-- AND AS I DO. .
...LET NO MAN STAND IN MY PATH!

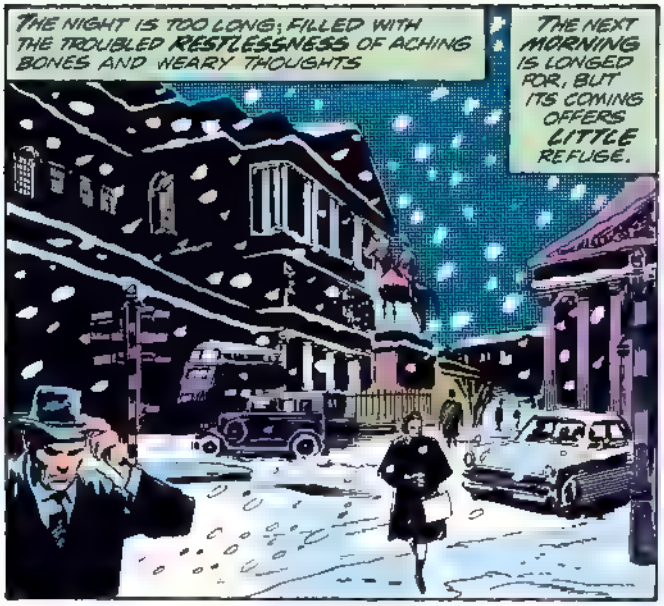

"I AM TIRED. SO VERY TIRED, AND SO VERY SICK. I JUST WISH TO STOP THE FIGHTING THE BATTLING... THE WAGING OF THIS FRUITLESS WAR.
"IT NO LONGER MATTERS IF I AM RIGHT OR WRONG. ONLY THAT MY LIFE HAS GONE NOWHERE... FOR I SEEK THE SAME MIRAGES I SOUGHT IN MY YOUTH
"I AM TIRED, AND WITH MY WEARINESS COMES SELF-PITY. I HAVE NEVER KNOWN THAT BEFORE.
"AND IT BOTHERS ME GREATLY.

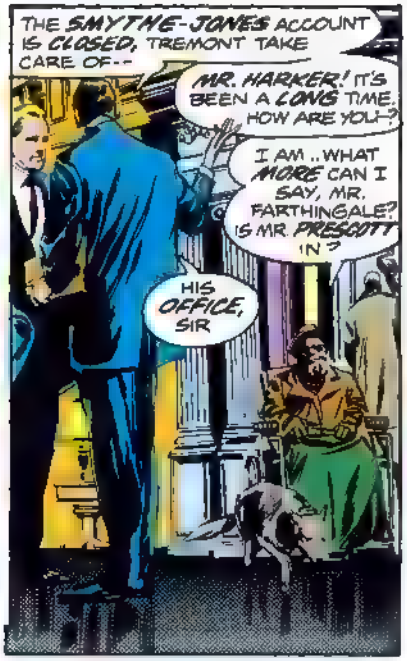

PERHAPS IT HAS ONLY STRUCK ME NOW THAT EDITH HAS BEEN DEAD FOR OVER A YEAR, BUT I AM ALONE... TRULY ALONE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE.
MY ACQUAINTANCES ARE EITHER DEAD OR LONG GONE FROM MY LIFE. MY FRIENDS ARE SPREAD ACROSS THE WORLD.
I DO NOT THINK I CAN LIVE WITH LONELINESS.

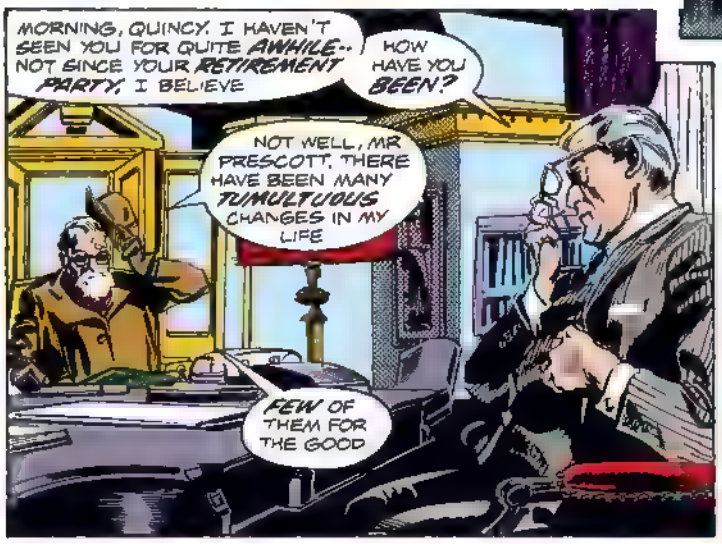
I SEE THAT I TROUBLE YOU, SAINT. THAT MY WORDS ARE SO HEAVY WITH REMOURSE PAINS ME, TOO
IT IS ONLY THAT AFTER MORE THAN SEVENTY YEARS I HAVE DISCOVERED MY HUMAN FRAILTY... AND I DO NOT CARE FOR IT AT ALL

DRACULA IS RIGHT, SAINT. I AM OLD... DYING... AND NO LONGER ANY THREAT.
AND NOW, WHEN I NEED MY FRIENDS... MY FAMILY... I HAVE ONLY YOU.

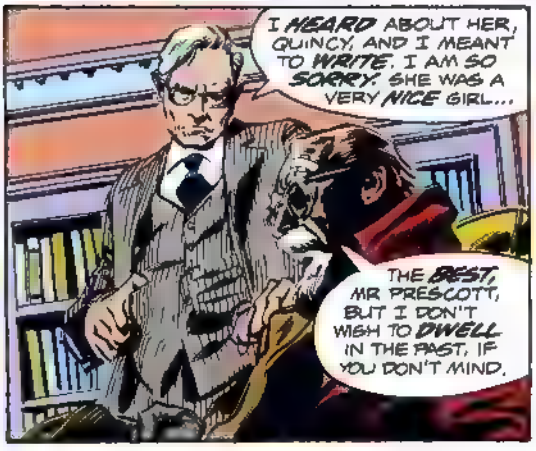
AND PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I NOW SAY, MY PET--
--BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH.


THE NIGHT IS TOO LONG; FILLED WITH THE TROUBLED RESTLESSNESS OF ACHING BONES AND WEARY THOUGHTS
THE NEXT MORNING IS LONGED FOR, BUT ITS COMING OFFERS LITTLE REFUGE.


THE SMYTHE-JONES ACCOUNT IS CLOSED, TREMONT TAKE CARE OF--
MR. HARKER! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME. HOW ARE YOU?
I AM .. WHAT MORE CAN I SAY, MR. FARTHINGALE? IS MR. PRESCOTT IN?
HIS OFFICE, SIR


MORNING, QUINCY. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR QUITE AWHILE.. NOT SINCE YOUR RETIREMENT PARTY, I BELIEVE
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?
NOT WELL, MR PRESCOTT. THERE HAVE BEEN MANY TUMULTUOUS CHANGES IN MY LIFE
FEW OF THEM FOR THE GOOD

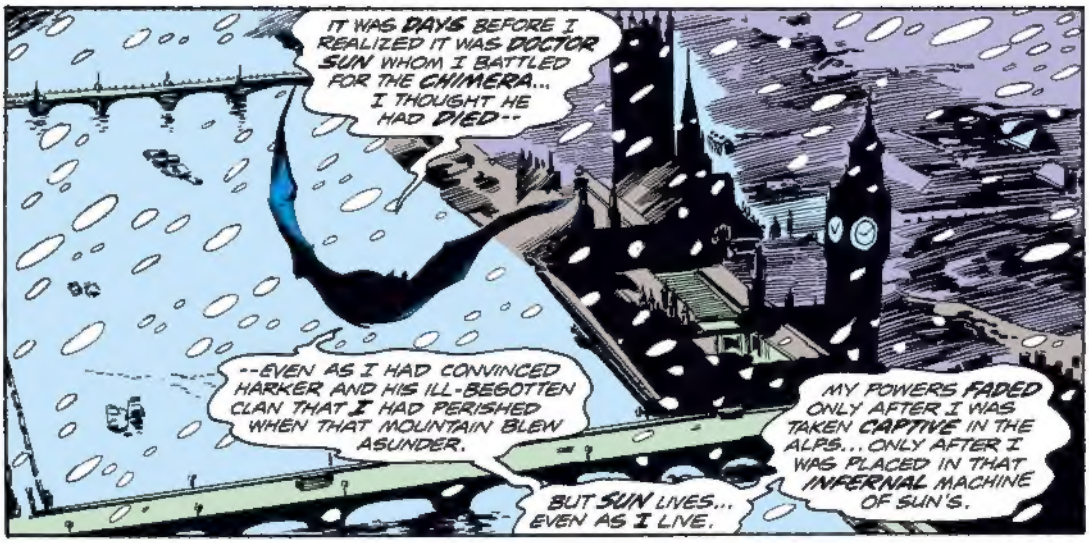
I'VE COME TO GET MY PAPERS IN ORDER, AND TO CHANGE THE BENEFICIARY OF MY WILL.
MY DAUGHTER DIED, YOU KNOW, AND I'VE BEEN SO BUSY.

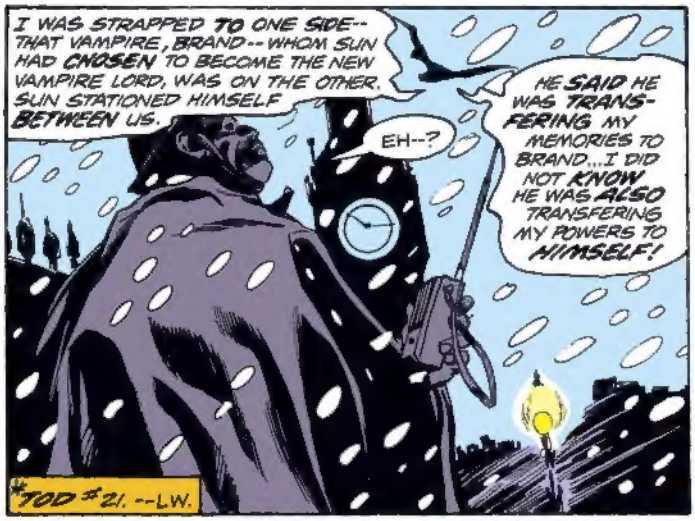

I HEARD ABOUT HER, QUINCY, AND I MEANT TO WRITE. I AM SO SORRY. SHE WAS A VERY NICE GIRL...
THE BEST, MR PRESCOTT, BUT I DON'T WISH TO DWELL IN THE PAST, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

OF COURSE. EXCUSE ME, PLEASE
MISS SINGLETON, PLEASE BRING IN MR. HARKER'S FILE.
TELL ME, QUINCY--WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO MAKE THESE CHANGES NOW?

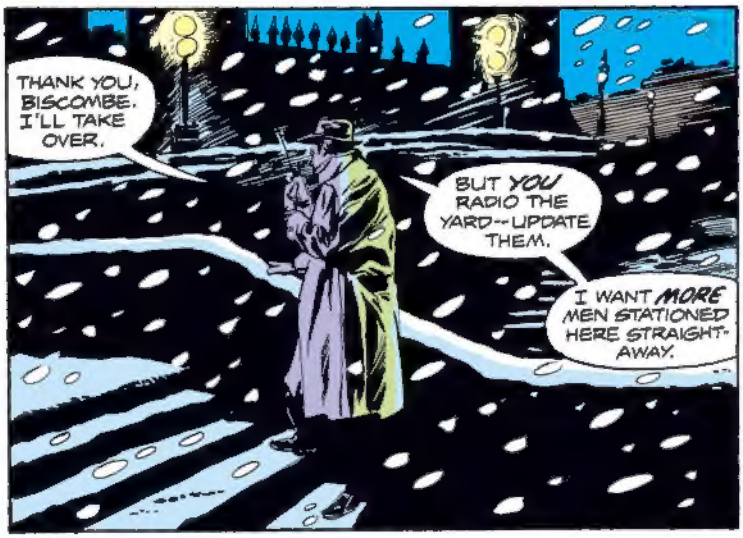
BECAUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FEAR I AM GOING TO DIE.
WHAT?!?...
FOR MORE THAN TWO HOURS THE LEARNED MEN PORE OVER PAPERS AND LEGAL DOCUMENTS. SO LET US SHIFT OUR TIME AND SCENE TO A PLACE OF SOMEWHAT GREATER INTEREST-- TO SOHO... THIS SELF-SAME EVE...
BAF
...TO A RATHER SHABBILY-GROOMED GENTLEMAN WHO GOES UNDER THE MOST UNLIKELY NAME OF "SNITCHER," AND TO THE ILL-LIT PUB HE MOST FREQUENTLY VISITS.
MOVE AWAY, GUV'NOR-- I NEED A STIFF 'UN, TANIGHT, I DO.
I AIN'T FOOLIN' YA, McGREEDY. I 'EARD SUMTHIN' THAT'S STILL SPLITTIN' THE BLOODY ENDS OF ME 'AIR, IT IS.
WHEN DON'T YOU, 'SNITCH?'
Y'KNOW THE MISSUS IS FRIENDS WITH JOHNNY CLOVERTON'S MISSUS, AN' SHE'S THE HOUSEKEEP FOR LORD ARTHUR SINGLETON-- THE BLOKE WHOSE DAUGHTER GOT DONE IN LAST NIGHT.
WELL SHE SAYS THE GIRL DIDN'T DIE NATURALY LIKE THEY SAID IN THE PAPERS... BUT THAT 'ER BLOOD WAS DRAINED...
...AND THAT THE YARD 'SPECTS THAT VAMPIRES CAUSED THE WHOLE MESS.
OKAY, 'SNITCH,' I THINK YER HAD ENUFF.
WHEN Y'START TALKIN' 'BOUT THINGS LIKE THAT, I AIN'T INTERESTED NO MORE.
TAKE YER NIGHT-MARES ELSEWHERE, TONIGHT. NO ONE 'ERE CARES A' WHIT.
WRONG! THERE IS ONE WHO MOST CERTAINLY DOES CARE...
...SO MUCH SO THAT HE SILENTLY FOLLOWS THE WANDERING PATH THAT 'SNITCHER' TAKES.

AND, WHEN THE TWO ARE TOTALLY ALONE, HE SPEAKS... QUIETLY, AND WITH THE TRACE OF A FOREIGN ACCENT THAT DEFIES ANY EASY DESCRIPTION HERE.
MAN! I HEARD YOU IN THE PUB. I WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU OF THIS... VAMPIRE.
EH?
YOU BELIEVED ME?
YES. I BELIEVE YOU. I HAVE EXPERIENCE IN THESE, EH, MATTERS.
YOU DO? LOR'! I'VE BEEN WANTIN' T'SPEAK T'SOMEONE... TELL 'IM WHAT I 'EARD.
VAMPIRES ARE TRYIN' T' TAKE OVER THE WHOLE PARLIAMENT ... COMMONS... LORDS... THE WHOLE BLOODY THING.
WE GOTTA STOP 'EM.
NOT "WE," MORTAL. NEVER "WE."
THE VAMPIRE'S EYES GLOW WITH SCARLET HUNGER. HIS SLICK WHITE HAIR BRISTLES ON ITS END.
AND WHEN HE CAN NO LONGER STAND TO STARE AT THE PITIFUL EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING BEFORE HIM-- HE LUNGES...
...AND QUICKLY, SIMPLY, BUT NOT AT ALL CLEANLY, HE SLAYS HIM.
SECONDS LATER, FRESH SNOW COVERS THE CRIMSON STAINS SMEARED UPON THE GROUND.
WHILE...
CURSE ME FOR A FOOL FOR NOT REALIZING IT SOONER.
THERE IS ONLY ONE WHO HAS CHALLENGED ME OF LATE WHO HAS THE POWER TO HANDLE ME AS HE HAS.
ONLY ONE WHO HAS CAPTURED ME TWICE THESE PAST TWO YEARS.
DOCTOR SUN HAS RETURNED.
AND THIS TIME HE SEEKS MY EVERLASTING DEATH!


IT WAS DAYS BEFORE I REALIZED IT WAS DOCTOR SUN WHOM I BATTLED FOR THE CHIMERA... I THOUGHT HE HAD DIED--
--EVEN AS I HAD CONVINCED HARKER AND HIS ILL-BEGOTTEN CLAN THAT I HAD PERISHED WHEN THAT MOUNTAIN BLEW ASUNDER.
BUT SUN LIVES... EVEN AS I LIVE.
MY POWERS FADED ONLY AFTER I WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE IN THE ALPS... ONLY AFTER I WAS PLACED IN THAT INFERNAL MACHINE OF SUN'S.


I WAS STRAPPED TO ONE SIDE-- THAT VAMPIRE, BRAND-- WHOM SUN HAD CHOSEN TO BECOME THE NEW VAMPIRE LORD, WAS ON THE OTHER. SUN STATIONED HIMSELF BETWEEN US.
EH--?
HE SAID HE WAS TRANSFERING MY MEMORIES TO BRAND... I DID NOT KNOW HE WAS ALSO TRANSFERING MY POWERS TO HIMSELF!
TOD #21. --LW.

INSPECTOR CHELM-- AY THINK YER BIRD'S COMIN' YORE WAY. HEADIN' SOUTH NOW.


THANK YOU, BISCOMBE. I'LL TAKE OVER.
BUT YOU RADIO THE YARD--UPDATE THEM.
I WANT MORE MEN STATIONED HERE STRAIGHT-AWAY.

UNDERSTAND?
YES, INSPECTOR.

DOCTOR SUN SHALL BE DEALT WITH-- BUT FIRST I WANT THAT REPORT ON ME... I WISH TO READ IT ALL.
AND MY FINAL STOOGE... THE ONLY ONE I DID NOT SEND AFTER LORD SINGLETON-- SHALL GET THOSE DOCUMENTS FOR ME.
BENNINGTON! YOUR MASTER CALLS.
YOU ARE MINE... DO AS I COMMAND.
GO SECRETLY TO SINGLETON'S OFFICE. GO WITH A WEAPON. YOU SHALL HAVE NEED OF IT.
YOUR MISSION IS VITAL TO ME. IT MUST SUCCEED.
SIR. THIS OFFICE IS OFF LIMITS. SORRY, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEA--
AARGH!
BAM!
OPEN THE SAFE, BENNINGTON. FIND THE PAPERS I NEED.
FIND THEM AND BRING THEM TO ME.
DRACULA
VERY GOOD, MY SLAVE. THE SECRET IS NOW MINE.
SILENTLY, INSPECTOR CHELM PLACES A SPECIALLY-MARKED SILVER BULLET INTO THE LAST EMPTY CHAMBER OF HIS GUN.
HE SMILES GRIMLY, AND THEN TAKES CAREFUL... VERY CAREFUL AIM.
NEXT: A BULLET FOR A DEAD MAN PLUS A VERY SPECIAL GUEST STAR!